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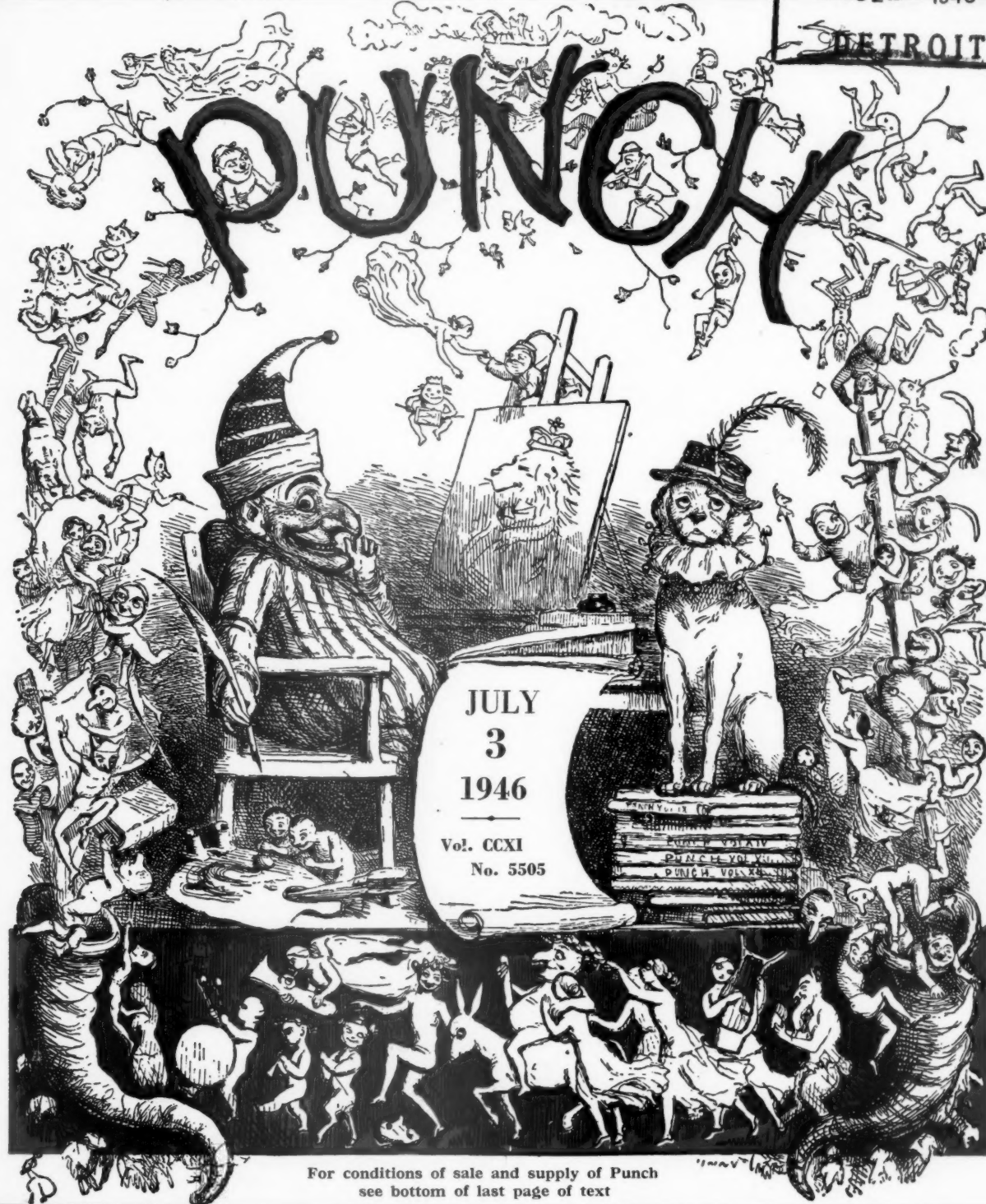
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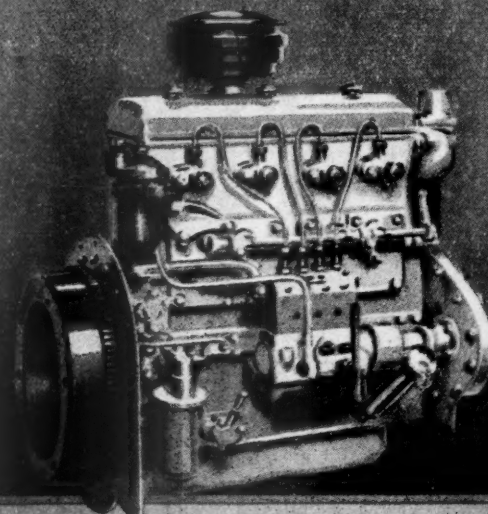
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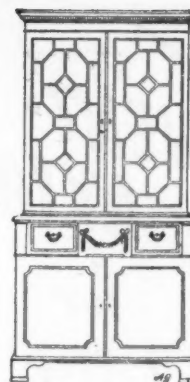
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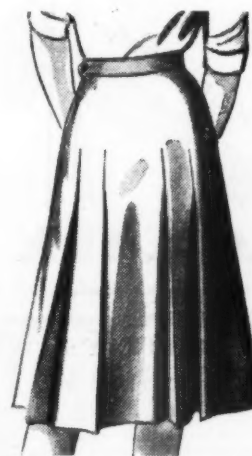
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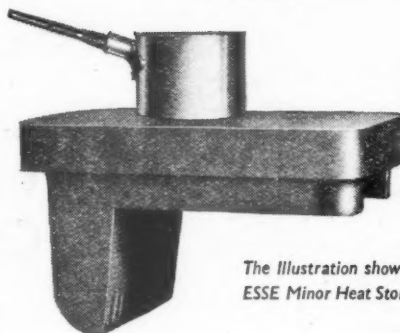
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The ESSE Heat Storage Hotplate



The Illustration shows the massive
ESSE Minor Heat Storage Hotplate

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COOKING

The extended tongue is
in contact with the small,
continuously-burning fire, directing and storing heat
within the massive hotplate body. The ESSE Heat
Storage Cooker itself, and the hotplate when not in
use, is sealed by thick insulation. Thus fuel bills are
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To quicken recovery after illness

the patient's metabolism
must be speeded up

"METABOLISM" is the scientific name for
certain processes constantly going on
inside our bodies—the breakdown of
food by digestion and the absorption of
the various nutrients to replace energy.

During illness the rate of metabolism
is lowered, and it must be speeded up to
quicken recovery. The trouble is that the
patient doesn't feel like eating, yet food is
needed to raise the metabolism. Doctors
advise light, easily digested soups, broths
and meat extracts and, of these, Brand's
Essence has been found, as a result of
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cessful in raising the metabolism.



Brand's Essence has
an immediate stimula-
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petite returns, complete
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Brand's Essence costs 3/-.

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This world-famed Sherry (formerly
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It is not surprising that from an army of four and a half millions there should come many cases of human hardship that cannot be met by Government relief schemes.

The Army Benevolent Fund, by grants to suitable service institutions, helps to provide the financial assistance that thousands of such people so sorely need. It looks to you for the means.

It would be an affront to the dignity of men, women and children who are suffering — and to your own — to appeal to your pity in this matter. Please give us all you can, out of a simple sense of gratitude for "services rendered."

SUPPORT THE
ARMY BENEVOLENT
FUND THE KING
PATRON: H.M.

Donations payable to The Army Benevolent Fund may be sent to Field-Marshal The Earl of Cavan, 20, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, or paid into any bank in Great Britain or Northern Ireland.

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916)

'Kodak' Film
and cameras are
helping to check
tuberculosis

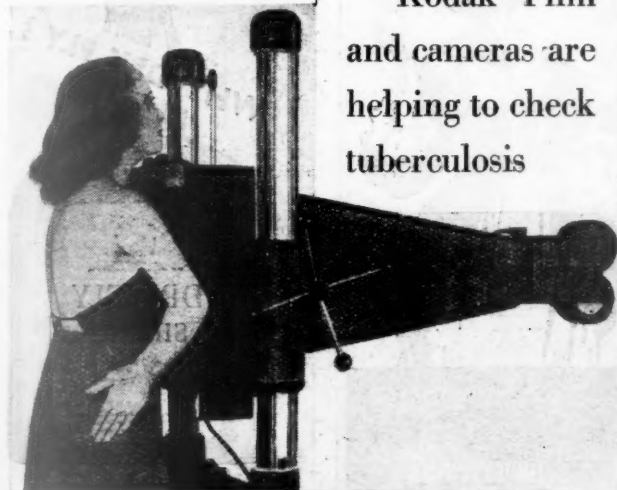


Illustration shows a 'Kodak' Fluorographic Unit—the photographic part of an X-ray equipment increasingly used in mass miniature radiography for the early detection of tuberculosis. A special 'Kodak' Film is made for this work—serving human progress through photography.



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PERCEPTION

The new 16 hp Armstrong Siddeley owes its inception to the unique designing and manufacturing skill associated with the famous Lancaster bomber and Hurricane fighter. A keen perception of the application of aircraft design to the development of motor cars has produced two models that are outstanding examples of British achievement. New and exclusive developments contribute to a new era in motoring today.

The entirely new 16 hp six-cylinder power unit gives 70 bhp at 4,600 rpm. Important features include independent front wheel suspension; choice of synchromesh or pre-selection gearbox; oil-less and grease-retaining bearings; simple and effective interior heating and air-conditioning. The current programme includes the Hurricane Drop-head Coupé, and the Lancaster 6-light Saloon.

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Picotin's Farewell

IN that country and at that time the King of Rambesia called the court jester and said: "Be funny at seven o'clock to-night or you shall be hanged, drawn and quartered."

Now it is a terrible thing to be called before your sovereign to make him laugh to order, and the court jester, whose name was Picotin, was fearful of the outcome. These were the days before nationalization, and heavy taxes and petrol-rationing, and in a world so free from care, humour was hard to come by.

Picotin sat in a corner and racked his brains. The fate which hung over him clouded his mind, but in spite of the handicap he made a supreme effort, and the appointed time found him quite prepared.

The King sat in the throne room surrounded by his courtiers as Picotin bounded in, singing his little opening song, about what he would do and what he would make, about what he would build and what he would mend. At first the King sat unmoved, but

then he began to smile and then to chuckle, and then, to Picotin's joy, to laugh outright. He leaned over to the Lord Chancellor and whispered and he too began to laugh, and then they were all laughing, all the courtiers, and the King was laughing the loudest of all.

Oh, it was a wonderful moment for Picotin, and he bounded and pirouetted with glee, jingling the little bells on his cap, and tears of joy and relief ran from his eyes. Then he did his little act in which he swelled himself up, calling attention to how much bigger he was than he used to be, and the King howled with laughter and slapped his knee. Ah, Picotin was wonderful that night: irresistibly he followed up by pretending to unscrew his arms and then his legs, making believe that they were dead limbs which he was throwing away. The effect was terrific: the Court simply rocked, and even the President of the Board of Trade permitted himself a little smile.

Picotin had never seen the Court so

moved, and in an ecstasy he finished up with hundreds of little figures, in and out of the columns, and the King laughed so much that he could hardly see through the tears that were coursing down his cheeks. Picotin, breathless, finished with a little bow, rather bewildered by the hilarious reception of his act.

The King laughed for a full five minutes and then said:

"Picotin, you will be the death of me. When you were singing that opening song," he wiped his eyes with a beautiful Rambesian-made handkerchief, specially re-imported from Brazil, "the thought suddenly struck me—that jester's outfit of yours, why, man, it's all marked out for the quartering!"

The Court went into peals of laughter again as Picotin was led away, and the King turned to the Lord Chancellor.

"Come," he said, "let us deal with the report from the Iron and Steel Federation while we are in the mood."

Charivaria

A READER who purchased a centuries-old cottage tells us that he was forced to leave it during recent heavy rains. The summer was icumen in.

"I dug a hole in my front garden near the fence and a dozen people stopped in the street to watch me," reports a suburban correspondent. There was just a chance, of course, that he was preparing to plant a To Let board.

A judge recently valued stolen clothing coupons at £1 each. There is a difference of opinion in black-market circles as to whether this includes purchase-tax.



A Colchester woman lost her wedding-ring while on the swings at a fair. Search was at once made on the roundabouts.

Berets, it is predicted, will become very popular in this country before long. It is expected, however, that in the more conservative dance-bands trombones will still wear the traditional bowler.

"For her wardrobe, Mrs. — favors businesslike suits in soft, bright colors; but she also owns an array of expensive gowns from exclusive designers. She shuns jewelry, but occasionally wears on her left hand a simple solitaire diamond about the size of a chandelier."—*Magazine Digest*.
Quiet good taste, eh?

A correspondent confesses that motoring in his pre-war car unnerves him; the engine makes a noise like a doodle-bug. What really upsets him is the fear that at any moment the engine may stop.

An antiquarian suggests that all sorts of rare treasures may be hidden away in London's cellars. Some may even have coal in them.

The aim of the Government is to abolish rationing altogether, we are told. Recent prognostications about a pint of milk and 1½ oz. of bacon weekly seem to indicate that steady progress is being made towards this end.

In view of the continuance of the crime-wave Scotland Yard intends to go through suspected areas with a fine comb. Detectives are now busy searching for one.

"To be second, consistently, is often more praiseworthy than being first, once," declares a sports writer. This will be consoling news to our Wightman Cup players.

The Light Fantastick Joe

"Round 3.—Both continued to be cautious in the first minute, but opened up a little in the second minute, when both got in good lefts to the head. With very little action the round was even."

Description of Louis-Conn fight in Birmingham paper.

The slow bowler of a woman's cricket team recently took eight wickets for fourteen runs. She is a spinster.



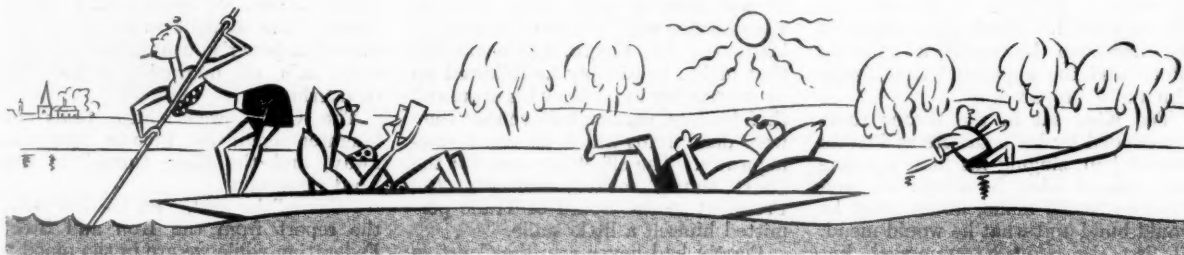
We learn from a zoologist that monkeys will make hideous grimaces in front of a mirror. Strange! It's not as if they are bothered by blunt blades.

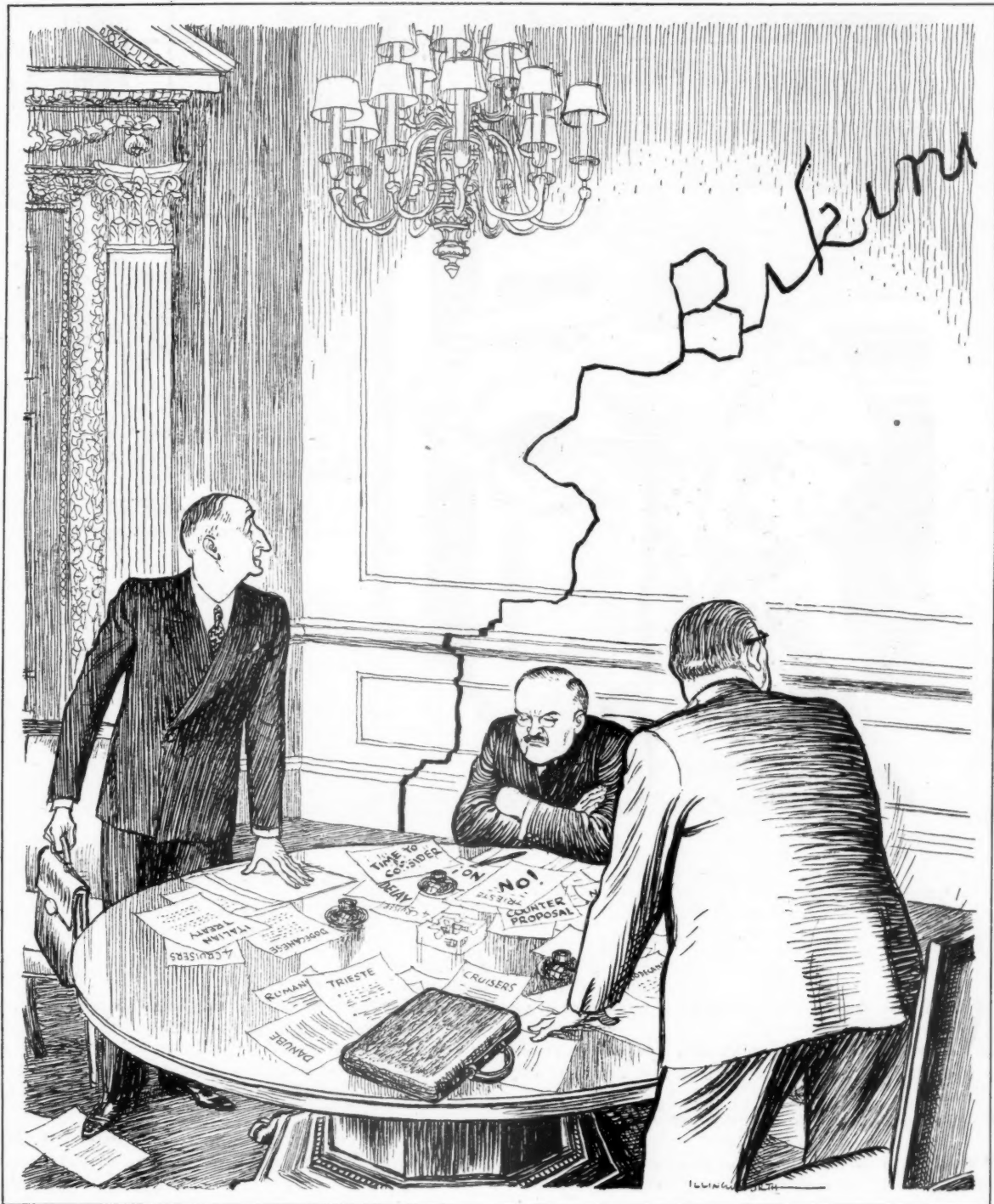
"The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white satin marocain (made by her sister), with veil and orange blossom, and she married a bouquet of deep red carnations."

Suburban paper.

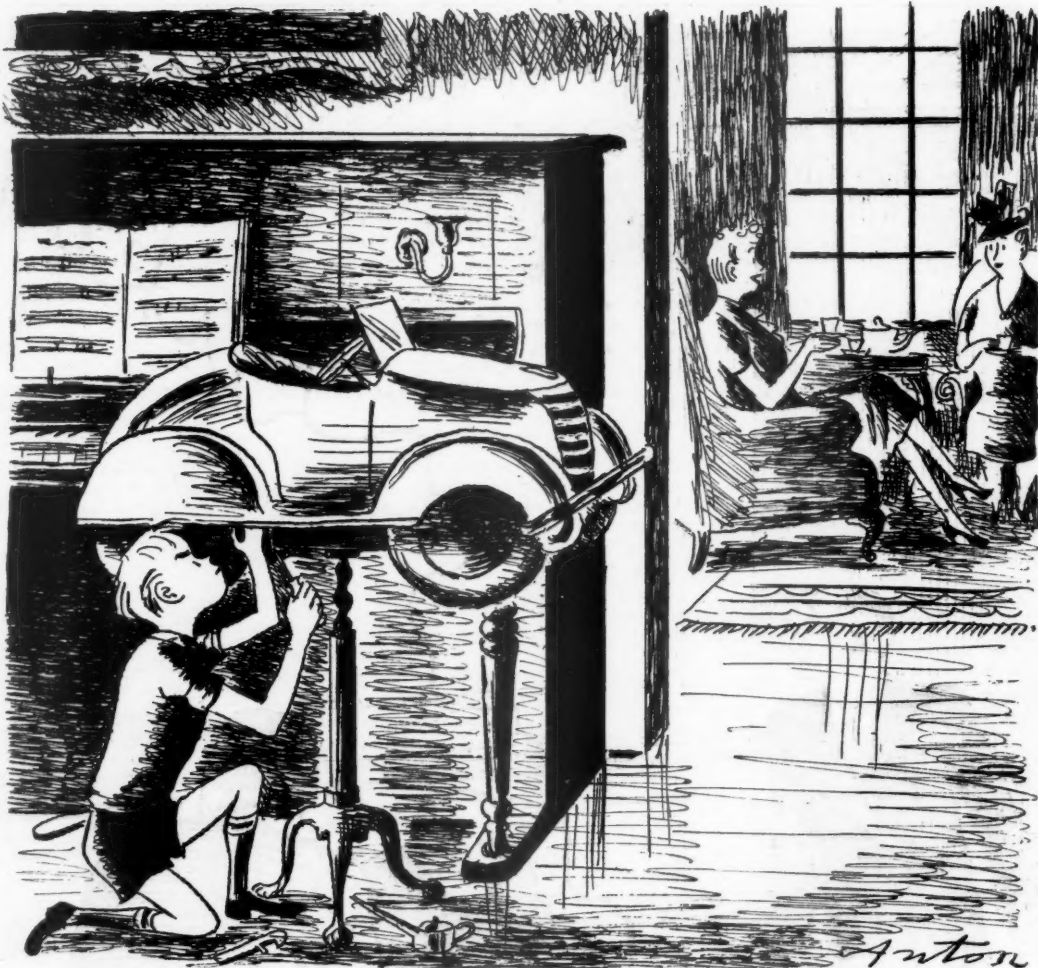
Something really decorative to have about the house.

A heat wave is promised us for July. Newspapers are accordingly making arrangements for observing the traditional custom of sun-bathers being roasted whole on the Thames.





THE WRITING ON THE WALL



"When he grows up he's going to be a famous pianist."

The Tune

MY tune was taught by tinkers; it was old as it was new,

A tune to play on dulcimers, a tune for Xanadu,
A tune that teased the heart of man and tickled it with flame,

But not a tune for seven knaves whom I refuse to name,

Who sat in sequined trousers on illuminated cubes
And played my tune on trombones which were framed by neon tubes,

Who plucked at flashing banjos with their phosphorescent thumbs,

And beat with lighted drum-sticks upon *diamanté* drums.

The pianist had "Maxie" flashing huge upon his back,
The black notes were the white notes and the white notes were the black,

The mirror-fronted keyboard showed infinity of hands,
And everybody gibbered in this most debased of bands.

They put my tune to torture in a crime beyond the law,
They played it on a stirrup pump, they played it on a saw;

A young man stood and simpered it, a woman sang it
"hot,"

This tune a tinker taught me . . . and I wish that he had not.

Planning for Plenty

WHEN the full seriousness of the situation was borne in upon me I decided to take immediate action.

"Let the gong be sounded," I said.

The gong is only sounded in this house in case of fire or when stray dogs are on the premises, or when it is necessary to convene an assembly for some special purpose. It is not sounded for meals, the phrase "It's in" having been found more in keeping with what is put before us.

When the folk were gathered I addressed them as follows:

"Kinsmen! The coming winter will not be an easy one. Food, I am informed, will be scarce. There will be less meat, to mention but one item, than at any time during the war, or for that matter since man first graduated from the eating of roots and nuts to the consumption of flesh. Will somebody please indicate what was the smallest amount of meat allowed per person per week during the war?"

"A bobsworth."

"Elevenpence."

"One and a penny."

"Very well," I said. "Let us observe the mean. How much is a bobsworth?"

Some raised their clenched fists in the air, others made circles with their forefingers, and one, more precise than the rest, took a piece of coal from the wireless set and held it up.

"What is that piece of coal doing in the wireless set?" I asked sternly.

There was no reply.

"Come," I said. "I shall not be angry, if I am told the truth. Who put that piece of coal in the wireless set and why?"

A fairly small boy, believed to be a nephew, said it had been put there to keep the aerial plug wedged into its socket.

"Who by?"

"Me."

"All right," I said. "But be very careful with it. Now, given that the weekly ration of meat will be smaller than this piece of coal—Hold it up, boy—how many meat meals will each person have per week?"

"But it won't be smaller."

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded.

"Only that the meat ration is being increased, not diminished."

"This is very vexatious," I said. "This cuts clean across my whole line of argument. How can I possibly plan

for the future if supplies are to go up as well as down in this indeterminate fashion?"

"It isn't going to be *very* much larger," said Mary.

"Very well, then," I said. "Given that it will be only slightly larger than this piece of coal, how many meat meals will each person have per week?"

"One."

"Two."

"It depends on the fat——"

Canterbury Cathedral

CANTERBURY Cathedral, which narrowly escaped destruction during the war, stands as a symbol of our own deliverance from peril. But the Cathedral is still in danger. The need for large-scale restoration, already pressing in 1939, has been aggravated by the effects of bombing. Apart from damage to the fabric, the Cathedral has now no heating system, and the Great Organ and Library have been totally destroyed. To preserve and maintain the Cathedral and its precincts, to expand and enrich its life and worship, and in particular to equip it worthily of its traditional position as the centre of the Anglican Church throughout the world, a sum of £300,000 is needed at once.

The Dean and Chapter, with the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, have launched an appeal; and many will feel that to help to preserve the Cathedral is the best way to show thankfulness to God for our own preservation.

Our cartoon on page 11 summons all those who hold the Cathedral, its history, its beauty, and its spiritual endeavour, in veneration, to "make the pilgrimage" to its aid.

Donations (made payable to "The Canterbury Cathedral Appeal Fund") should be sent to the Treasurer, 21, The Precincts, Canterbury.

"I am considering the possibility," I explained, "of allocating a whole week's supply of meat to each person in rotation, the remainder to live on vegetables, fish, and bread if asked for. We are six in family——"

"Hlp givn mnngs. Wless in rm. I min bs stp."

"Why are you talking in that silly, clipped style, William?" I asked.

"He is pretending to be an advertisement."

"Sits vacant," said William.

"I don't know what boys are coming to," I said. "At your age I should have been pretending to be

a Red Indian or an explorer. Where was I?"

"Six in family."

"Exactly. Each of us will have one meat-week in six. For the other five weeks we shall eat whatever else there is besides meat. What is there?"

"Fish."

"Thank you. We shall each eat one fish meal per day for five weeks in every six. That leaves thirty-five more meals each to be catered for in each six-week period, excluding breakfast and tea."

"Eighty-six million tins of kippered herrings are coming from Norway this winter."

"Well done! A very good point, Mary. Now, how many tins each is that?"

"Two."

"Dear me!" I said. "I had hoped it would be more. However, that cuts the number of meals in our first six-week period down to thirty-three. We are getting on."

"Kippers are fish," said someone.

"So they are. Well, we shall just have to put up with that. We must have two all-fish days every fifth week. That is not too much to ask, surely? What else do we get besides fish and meat?"

"Sausages and dried eggs."

"Excellent," I said, rubbing my hands. "What could be nicer in the evening than a dish of sausages and dried eggs?"

"Sausages or dried eggs."

"Neither, actually," said Mary.

"We shall need those for breakfast. They are sure to cut the bacon ration."

"Oh," I said. "Well, then. Has anyone any suggestions to offer?"

Nobody had, so I told William to put his piece of coal back in the wireless set and wash his hands.

"It seems to me," I said, summing-up, "that we shall be short of six times thirty-three times the number of six-week periods before the situation improves meals. I make that 198x meals in all."

"An extremely interesting and valuable conclusion," said Mary. "But what are we actually going to *do*?"

"Ah," I said. "You must ask your mother about that. My job is only to estimate and plan. Where is your mother, by the way?"

"Out trying to get fish."

"Fish!" I said. "She ought to have been at the conference."

H. F. E.

At the Pictures

FRENZY AND PITY

It may serve some good purpose if I aim these notes at some of the simpler souls who may have been scared away from the Swedish film *Frenzy* (Director: ALF SJÖBERG) by the announcement that it is a "psychological drama of adolescence," by the reviews that have summed up the story in terms of a sadistic schoolmaster and a shopgirl dead of drink, and even by the title. In English *Frenzy* as a title does not have promising overtones; whatever the Swedish title may have been, I think they might have stuck to it, as they did years ago with the only other Swedish film I remember seeing over here—*En Nat*.

To be sure the story is about a sadistic schoolmaster and his persecution of his boys—of one boy in particular—and of the shopgirl, for whose drinking and death he is ultimately responsible; but this is no gloomy piece of Art, to be avoided by entertainment-seekers and seen even by highbrows only as a duty. The lowbrow—the lowbrow with any sense at all—can take an honest pleasure in this picture without allowing himself to be upset by the thought that highbrows have said it is good.

To begin crudely with the most obvious point, the film is sprinkled with moments of genuine fun, from the start when we are introduced to the school building and shown over it in an admirable introductory sequence in which a very small boy, arriving late, is pursued through echoing corridors and up and down flights of wide stairs.

It is a trustworthy sign of the film's mood that the villainous master, whose nickname is "Caligula," is given only that name in the list of characters. The display of his terrifying methods in the classroom is continually mitigated and relieved by the suggestion of mischievous amusement among the tougher spirits; and the misery of the schoolboy and the shopgirl, which might have been as harrowing to the audience as to either of

them independently, is softened when they meet and comfort each other.

Apart from this there is almost continuous pleasure for the eye; real trouble has been taken to make even the most trivial scene interesting with

And the acting is first-class. As the plump, feline, dapper "Caligula," STIG JÄRREL presents a character of formidable unpleasantness who never ceases to be a credible schoolmaster, and his two chief victims powerfully convey their fear and unhappiness without exaggeration.

On the whole I distrust fiction with a moral purpose as much as fiction with a political purpose, but *Beware of Pity* (Director: MAURICE ELVEY), a British version of the Stefan Zweig novel devoted to pointing out the danger of building too much on the assumption that pity is akin to love, has good points.

Of course it is artificial. This sort of story is bound to seem artificial even without the contrived "difficult position" in which the central character is placed; one cannot now reproduce with any glow of actuality the circumstances of high life in Bohemia before the 1914 war. At that time, it seems, the hero of *Beware of Pity* was a young

cavalry officer, and he allowed the crippled daughter of a rich man living in a castle on a height to believe that he loved her. In fact he only pitied her ("You see, there are two kinds of pity"—another thing that arouses my distrust is "You see" spoken in that particular tone), and when she was convinced of this she threw herself down from the height.

But the inevitable artificiality, and the suspiciously mechanical patness of a plot that finds room for a hint of another aspect of the same problem (in the situation of a doctor whose wife is blind), still allow a good deal of humanity in the story and a good deal of character in the playing—by ALBERT LIEVEN as the well-meaning young officer; LILLI PALMER, who gives the crippled girl a sort of radiant petulance that is unexpectedly convincing; ERNEST THESIGER as her father (a passionately self-deluding optimist); Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE as the doctor; and GLADYS COOPER as his wife. (About to tear myself away from this page for a time, I'm glad to leave on so unusually mellow a note.) R. M.



CLASS WARFARE

Pettersson	JAN MOLANDER
"Caligula"	STIG JÄRREL
Jan-Erik	ALF KJELLIN

light and shadow, as well as with unfamiliar detail (for instance, the store-room full of rolled-up maps).



[Beware of Pity]

MEETING OF THE BIG THREE—THE
CAD, CUPID, AND CONSCIENCE
Lieut. Toni Marek ALBERT LIEVEN

End of a Hole

THE FAIRLY NOTICEABLY CHANGED FACE OF BRITAIN

I WAS hurrying madly from one tobacconist to another to be insulted again when the night-watchman stopped me. He had been watching me from his hut beside a hole in the road.

"No luck, mate?" he said. "Why don't you roll your own cigarettes, like I do?"

I frowned. He stood perfectly teed on a small heap of sand, and for a moment I was tempted to hole him in one with my umbrella. He was, however, of great age—quite bald except for bushy white tufts over his ears. I restrained myself, although my toe tapped ominously on the pavement.

"It's quite easy," he went on, fishing tobacco and cigarette-papers from his cap.

"It is *not* easy," I retorted sharply. "I've tried it. Furthermore, they invariably go out."

"Not if you does it right," he said. "Now watch. I lays a paper on me knee, like so. Then I lays the baccy on it and rolls it round, like so. I passes it along me tongue—"

"Thus," I suggested.

"—like so. I sticks it down, and there's me fag. Got a light?" He puffed at it once or twice and tucked it lovingly behind his ear.

"It's gone out," I sneered. "I said it would."

"I only wanted a whiff or two," he replied shortly.

"Why delude yourself?" I mocked. "You will never get a smoke from that thing."

He retired to his hut in a huff. When I followed him he pretended not to see me, but I was not going to be put off like that. After all, he began it. I squeezed in behind him.

"I will go further," I shouted over his shoulder. "You never smoke *any* of your footling little imitations. No one does."

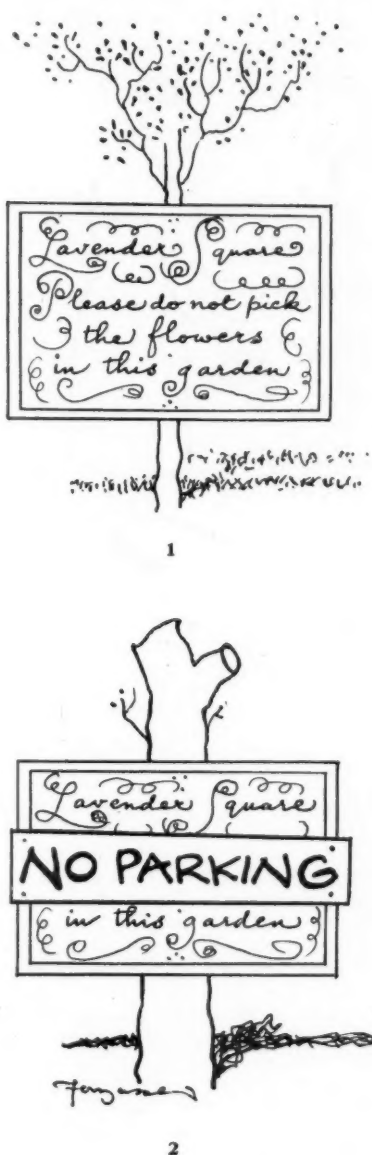
"I smoke 'em reg'lar," he mumbled wretchedly.

"You *roll* 'em reg'lar, but they go out. Then you use them as a comforter for the mastoid bone. Try to recall ever smoking one right through. Think now."

He lapsed into silent dismay. It was so quiet I could hear him swallowing. I shook him by the arm.

"I can't remember," he gulped at last. "It must be unconscious, like which boot you put on first."

"Don't quibble!" I replied hotly. "When I can't get cigarettes I face



up to it like a man. I don't delude myself by twiddling your infernal bits of paper. It is time you faced reality. You are practically a non-smoker."

I released him and he stumbled out and sat distracted by the hole.

"If I don't smoke 'em, where do they go to?" he wailed. He raised his fists and beat his head in despair. The white tufts over his ears fell apart and

showered over the road. They were his cigarettes.

Next day he came up and thanked me. There was a new light in his eyes. He had felt for some time that there was no future in watching a hole. He had now filled it in and was going away to start afresh. I smiled and wished him luck. It is always nice to feel that one has helped a fellow-creature on life's way.



Hollowood

"But if it's any comfort to you, madam, you can rest assured that the worst of the export drive is over."

Lady Addle and the Brains Trust

Bengers, Herts, 1946

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS,—I think you may be interested in the latest modern idea—for my worst enemy could hardly accuse me of not marching with the times—which I have just introduced into our village life, when at the annual meeting of the Great Bengers Conservative Association last week I instituted a Brains Trust. I did this because, at the last meeting, it struck me that the audience was not really roused. One left the hall half-way through the evening, and the other two, though attentive, appeared to me to lack enthusiasm. Consequently I spoke to Addle, who is our very able chairman, and urged him to allow me to organize some form of entertainment after the business of the meeting was over. As usual my dear husband backed me up, though the phrase "Brains Trust" was a little too recent for him to have heard of it. It was sad that all the members of the B.B.C. Brains Trust, to whom I wrote, were each prevented by previous engagements from attending (I was specially sorry not to have Dr. Malcolm Sargent, as I wanted him to hear little Hirsie, Margaret's boy, pick out "Three Blind Mice" on the piano, all by himself), but I was delighted with my team, consisting of our old friend Admiral Lord Doomsday, Dr. Dander, our dear family doctor, and Miss Rinse, a leading light in our village life, with my humble self bringing up the rear and Addle as Questionmaster.

Perhaps the best way of describing the evening is to quote from the report in the *Mid-Herts Courier*:

The Annual Meeting of the Great Bengers Conservative Association took place last Saturday, at 8 P.M., in the Addle Memorial Hall. Lord Addle, in the chair, said that he was pleased to welcome such a packed audience and was sorry that the heavy thunder shower had kept most of them away. He called on the Hon. Secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting, in 1939, which were unfortunately lost, and afterwards called on the Hon. Treasurer, Major Briggs, to read the financial report. Major Briggs said that the balance at the beginning of the war had been £1 16s. 0d., which was remarkably good considering 10s. 6d. had just been spent on a wreath for one of the collectors. Owing to the recent jumble sale the funds had now risen to £4 0s. 5d., which was a very good start to the new year. (*Applause.*) Lord Addle then said that if there was any other business it could easily be discussed at the next annual meeting, and he was anxious to get on with the feature of the evening, organized by his wife (*applause*), which was the Great Bengers Brains Trust.

Space forbids a report of more than three of the many interesting questions which were sent in, at Lady Addle's request, by members of the Association.

(1) Is it the opinion of the Brains Trust that the proposed abolition of School Certificates would remove the incentive in young people to work?

Lady Addle said it would do nothing of the sort. Her dear mother had never heard of these new-fangled certificates, and she was well known for her beautiful work, in the finest silks, without glasses, till her dying day. As for exams, she recalled a cousin of her family who had failed for Eton, Cambridge, Sandhurst and the Diplomatic Corps, and had then unexpectedly inherited a baronetcy and married an heiress, which proves, Lady Addle said, that Providence makes its own compensations. For herself, she believed in work for work's sake of course, and thought it a great pity that more young girls didn't take up cooking, beginning as kitchen-maid in a good house, such as Bengers, and she would be glad to take any names in the audience of those interested in domestic work.

Miss Rinse said she entirely agreed with Lady Addle.

Admiral Lord Doomsday said that it would be the end of the old country if young people weren't made to work hard. When he went into the Senior Service it was certainly no bed of roses, but nowadays some of these young fellows seemed to have no more guts in them than the beer they drink. All the same, his Lordship said, they were good enough to lick any other country in the world, and he, for one, would like to hear anyone dare to say otherwise.

The Questionmaster said that he didn't think Dr. Dander would have any particular views on the subject, so he proposed to pass on to the next question, which was more his concern.

(2) What is the opinion of the Brains Trust on the new National Health Bill?

It is unfortunately impossible to give Dr. Dander's reply in full as he spoke at considerable length and with much feeling. The sum of his speech, however, was to the effect that he disapproved of any changes in the medical service.

Lady Addle said that she had never heard such nonsense in her life, and she didn't know what Parliament were coming to. Everybody knew that the essence of home life was the family doctor, who had brought all the children into the world, and was as welcome a figure in the nursery as Father Christmas, besides being very useful for making up a four at bridge or lawn-tennis.

Lord Doomsday said that doctors were jolly good chaps

and that he had known some very fine naval M.O.s. He then told several stories about witch-doctors and cannibals he had encountered on his travels, which received much applause and laughter from the audience.

Miss Rinse said she entirely agreed with Lady Addle.

The last question was an unusual and interesting one, being "What is Happiness?"

Miss Rinse, asked first, said she did not feel qualified to give a view and would rather be passed over.

Dr. Dander said that happiness, in his opinion, was doing your job in your own sphere of life without interference from the State.

Lord Doomsday said that he didn't see the point of the question. Either you were happy or you weren't, and there you were. He supposed some fellows had more luck than a lot of other fellows.

Lady Addle said that happiness came from doing your duty to Home and Country and always trying to help those who needed it.

Miss Rinse asked to be allowed now to add her opinion, which was that Lady Addle's view was the right one.

The Questionmaster, summing-up, said that as far as he was concerned he had served his country, had plenty of good sport, bred some fine pigs and had his wife spared to him, and he called for three cheers for Lady Addle, who had organized the evening. These were enthusiastically given, showing the audience's real enjoyment of this highly successful venture. M. D.

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My Wife Doesn't Understand Me.

"Q'EST-ce que ça voulait dire—'If I were a ranch they'd call me the Par Nothing'?"

"Bar Nothing."

We had been to the movies—*Gilda*, the thing was called—and she was asking for the usual etymological résumé of the dialogue.

"Eh, bien, Bar Nothing."

"Voilà," I said—it was not going to be easy, this—"Cette Gilda, elle était une femme de . . . une femme qui . . ."

"Très peu sérieuse, enfin." That point at least seemed to require no further elaboration.

"Yes; well, tu sais que dans le Texas ils ont ces ranches énormes, des troupeaux de bétail . . ." My hands were describing the wide-open spaces of the old West, and a man on the seat in front turned and gave me an inquiring glance.

"Des ranches?"

"Oui, ranches. Sont des fermes énormes; de milliers de kilomètres carrés, des centaines de milliers de . . ."

"Ah! Un rancho."

"That's the idea. Well, pour distinguer ses bêtes de celles qui appartiennent au propriétaire d'un autre rancho, il faut que chaque un marque son bétail avec sa marque, if you follow me, sa marque à lui, tu comprends?"

" . . . ?" That is the way they write it in French books.

"Alors, cette marque est brûlée dans la peau de la vache, ou c'qu'tu veux; on les *brand*, en effet." I could see that I was not getting this over at all well.

" . . . ?"

"Well, look. On le brûle dans le chair avec le fer rouge"—I shifted my ground slightly—"tu te rappelles comme j'ai brûlé la figure avec le fer à souder cette fois quand j'ai voulu, er, essayer le chaleur?"

"Comme ça?"

"Oui, more or less."

"Jamais entendu ça." She shook her head doubtfully. "Well, there you are. Or, ils ont l'habitude de marquer les bêtes avec une lettre de l'alphabet."

"Voui . . ." She assented judiciously.

"Alors, vu qu'il n'y ait . . ." I was confused; I always avoid subjunctives if I can, ". . . que vingt-six lettres, et qu'il soit . . ." I was getting reckless, ". . . beaucoup plus que vingt-six ranchos dans le Texas, il est évident qu'on a du inventer pas mal d'autres signes pour brûler . . ."

"Dans le chair?"

"Parfaitement. Right-ho, then; on a étendue la liste des lettres avec des lettres soulignées: avec un Bar, en effet." At last we were there!

"Un bar?"

"Oui, le Bar-A, le Bar-B, et so on. Tu as du entendre parler de The Old Bar-X et tout ça, non?"

"Non."

"Pourtant, c'est un nom très connu."

"Oui?"

"Oui. Et maintenant, Bar Nothing." I was really getting quite worn out. "Bar Nothing veut dire que rien n'est défendu, qu'on est libre à faire n'importe quoi." I had figured out another angle. "Si on va à la course, faire un pari 'Two-to-one Bar None,' c'est le même chose, cela veut dire . . ."

"Nous voici!" She announced. "Faut descendre."

I got up as the bus came to a standstill. I had quite enjoyed the film, but I'm afraid I couldn't tell you what it was about.

I find French rather difficult.

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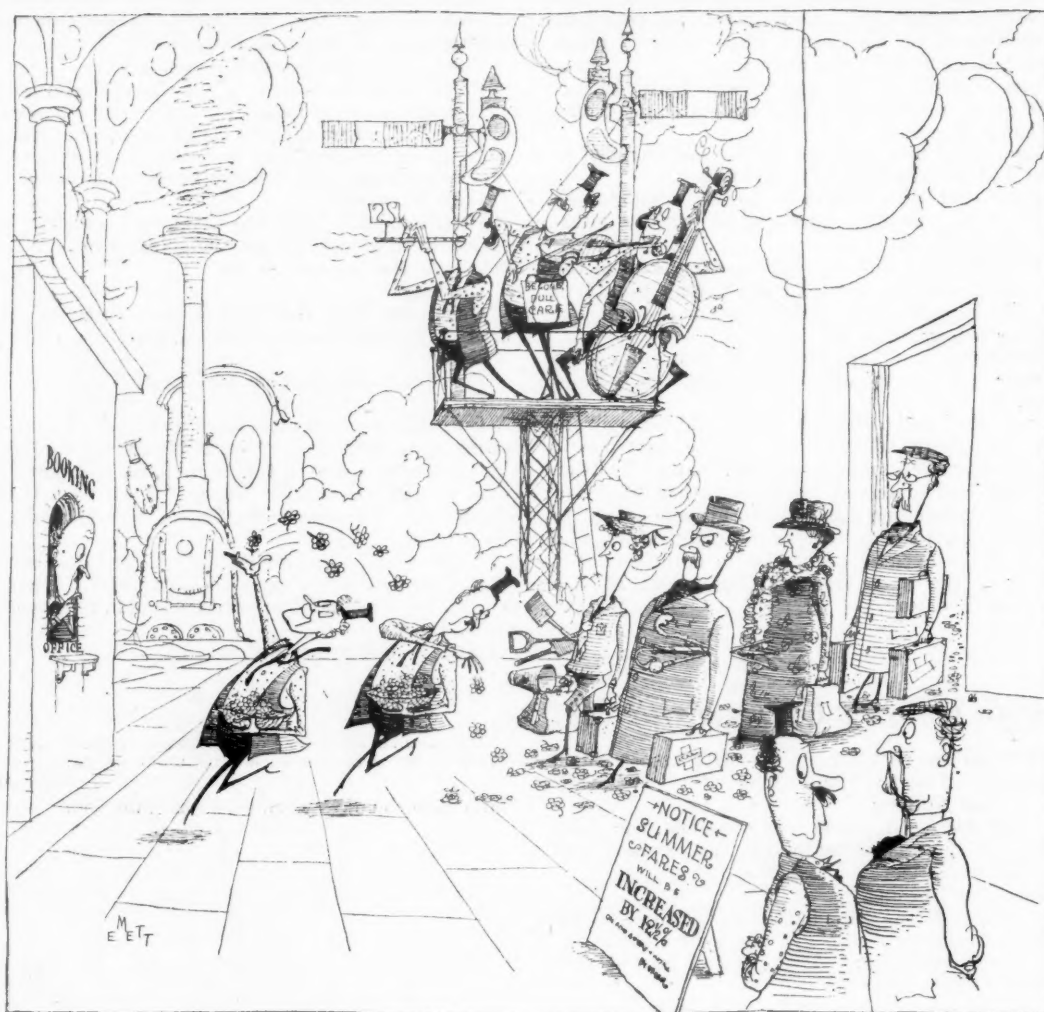
"On the ground floor is a Corn Exchange, which, in days gone by, was the centre of local compound fracture of the leg."

Staffs. paper.

Those were the days when food was really short.



"I don't like to see anybody starve."



"We feels we ought to do SOMETHING to take their minds off THAT."

The Haymakers

HUSHED,
drowsy,
but still insistent, grave as
the tune
of the bees' hum
in all the flowers of June
the haycutter chatters
all day, purposefully
laying low the grass of the meadow
in the pattern of the Greek key.

Buttercups, meadowsweet,
red clover and white:
the chirring knife-blades eat
swathe after swathe

into the standing grass
nibbling.

The summer puff-ball cloud-shapes pass
idly as warm wind-ripples through the
pale
starlings'-egg-blue sky:
indolently they sail
and all seems set fair.

Cut and come again
while the sun blazes:
to-morrow may bring rain.

But see the haymakers:

walled in by hedges
embroidered by wild roses:
through the heat
of the long day they labour,
like the bees taking the good hours,
stopping for "elevenses"
among the haycocks:
they will reap the wheat
when it, too, ripens.

To-morrow may bring rain
or drought,
but this is the haymakers' day
and, with their sleeves rolled up, they
labour and make hay. R. C. S.



PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY

Canterbury Cathedral is in danger, and funds are urgently needed to save the fabric from decay. Canterbury relies still, as she has relied throughout the centuries, on the offerings of those who make the pilgrimage, whether in fact or in spirit, to her shrine. Details of the Canterbury Cathedral Appeal Fund are given on page 5.

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Monday, June 24th.—House of Commons: Money "Talks."

Tuesday, June 25th.—House of Commons: Came the Dawn.

Wednesday, June 26th.—House of Commons: Miners' Charter.

Thursday, June 27th.—House of Commons: Bread Rationing.

Monday, June 24th.—Mr. Speaker taught the talkative boys of St. Stephens a lesson to-day and, as it turned out, the Chancellor of the Exchequer kept them in after normal school time for hours and hours until they lost all desire to talk. But that is another story.

Members had a joyous Question-time during which everyone who wanted to speak spoke at length with never a murmur from the Chair. It was only at the end of the usual interrogatory hour when Question No. 54 had been reached that Mr. Speaker let Members into his secret. One day, he recalled, he had said he would not control supplementary questions. Now, he confessed, he had deliberately let all the supplementaries pass—with the result that Mr. DE LA BÈRE was robbed of twenty-nine opportunities to tell the unhappy Minister of Agriculture that his policy on this or that was "highly unsatisfactory."

But Members were obviously out to make a day of it—or even a day and a night of it—and they settled down to argue about the Finance Bill with a grim purpose which boded ill for the scribes aloft unfortunate enough to have to reproduce the spoken word in black-and-white the following day.

One can only suspect that it was Sir THOMAS MOORE who stung the Chancellor into reprisals. In the early moments of the debate he acidly pointed out that he expected the courtesy of at least a little of the Chancellor's attention "for a split second"—at the same time drawing attention to the acrobatics of Mr. HERBERT MORRISON "keeping one ear to the Chancellor and one to the ground."

After that Mr. HUGH DALTON devoted some 70,000 seconds to the debate, using both ears—unlike Mr. MORRISON—to absorb the arguments of supporters and opponents.

The Solicitor-General, going back to his schooldays to explain how to calculate an income-tax poser, was called upon by Lieut.-Commander BRAITHWAITE to produce a black-board for simplicity's sake. Sir FRANK

SOSKICE preferred to deal in £x, whereupon Sir THOMAS MOORE pleaded for still further simplicity and a token figure of £100.

In the end the Solicitor-General produced a neat formula $\frac{x}{x+y}$, but Sir

THOMAS, still befogged, begged to know whether his £100 had disappeared.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY came to the rescue hopefully with the suggestion that x was the number first thought of.



SECOND THOUGHTS

"We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!"
Iolanthe.

Lord Beveridge's maiden speech in the House of Lords expressed the hope that the Second Chamber might "prove better than the First."

Sums over for the day, Major JAMES MILNER rose to announce the next lesson to the encouraging but un-Parliamentary exhortation from the back of the "class" of: "Go on, Jim." Asked if this was in order, Major MILNER, the chairman, said he could not believe it was intended for him.

Mr. DALTON's sense of humour does not pass unnoticed—even by Mr. DALTON—but Members thought he was making a sweeping generalization when he remarked that *everybody* was delighted to pay income tax on their incomes. It was Lord LEVERHULME, the Chancellor thought, who once said:

"Give me the income and 'be jabbers' to the tax."

All of which led by a circuitous route to a decision to change the name of the National Defence Contribution to the Profits Tax in the belief—mistaken or otherwise—that people making a lot of profit should be quite happy to pay a Profits Tax. Some Members grimaced as though they would like the profits—and "be jabbers" to the Chancellor.

Tuesday, June 25th.—The early hours of the morning were largely devoted—believe it or not—to a long discussion on whether Members should continue to talk, and having talked it over they went on talking and talking until the dawn. When Mr. OLIVER STANLEY suggested it was time that they all went to bed Mr. DALTON unconvincingly retorted that everyone was very fresh and alert. In *Alice in Wonderland* it was said: "All have done well and all have deserved prizes." That now applied to the House.

But Lt.-Commander BRAITHWAITE, equally well briefed in *Alice*, recalled that these words referred to the caucus race at the end of which everybody finished exactly where they were. The verdict was that all had won. The House was now confronted with a caucus race to get through an overloaded programme before the end of the session. Far from all being winners they would all be losers.

Mr. STANLEY thought he had caught Mr. GLENVIL HALL "napping" on the Treasury Bench, but the Financial Secretary, not very fresh yet still alert, asserted that when speeches were being delivered by the Opposition he often wished he had been asleep.

This was a repetition of a joke first made by Lord NORTH in 1788, Mr. STANLEY remarked unkindly, from which Mr. D. N. PRITT, still more unkindly, deduced that Tory speeches had been boring people since 1788.

The sun, for once, was rising high in the heavens when the motion was put that "the candles be now snuffed." The lights were extinguished, but the hint was not taken. It was not until Mr. STANLEY drew the attention of the Chancellor to the fact that "the sacred hour of eleven" was approaching and that coffee and buns were calling that the Chancellor relented and called it a day or thereabouts. The House had been in session for 20 hours 29 minutes.

When the House resumed after no more than a break for luncheon the Finance Bill proceeded on its tortuous way until the Chancellor round about midnight raised the flagging spirits of hon. Members by announcing



"Well, if we go off the tin standard, what becomes of these Phœnicians?"

£2,000,000 worth of purchase-tax concessions. The ex-Boy Scouts on both sides of the House gratefully acknowledged a tax reduction on clasp-knives. And the users of a variety of articles ranging from mouse-traps to sailing vessels (adult size) had cause for self-congratulation. Many bald heads wrinkled in annoyance, however, at the refusal of the Chancellor to provide cheaper wigs.

Wednesday, June 26th. — Having debated until 4.5 A.M. hon. Members were in no mood for captious criticism when question-time came round all too soon. Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL was sympathetically cheered when she appeared with unmistakable signs of two vivid black eyes—relics of a week-end road accident—and answered a series of awkward food queries with customary tact and ability.

Mr. SHINWELL cautiously tried out the Government's ideas on the Miners' Charter on the House before leaving for Bridlington to meet the miners in annual conference. There were many "ifs" about the Government's acceptance in principle of a five-day week, and doubtless too many "buts" for

the miners on the question of paid holidays.

On the whole Members seemed content to leave the Minister of Fuel to face the "resistance" of the "underground" workers without any moral support from the Commons.

The future of civil aviation occupied the rest of the day.

Thursday, June 27th.—A momentous

announcement on the introduction of bread and flour rationing by Mr. JOHN STRACHEY overshadowed the rest of the day's business, which revolved round the future of the Territorial Army.

The Minister of Food staunchly stood his ground in face of aggressive criticism from Mr. CHURCHILL and emerged unruffled from an hour's rough-and-tumble.

Nothing to Report

A Recollection

"YOU had no joy?" he asked. "No luck at all, We didn't see a thing. No joy," we said.
No tale of death flung down on those abed
From our unfeeling hands; of foe's long fall
To earth and flaming pyre, by stealth struck down.
No death—no joy. But yet no word we told
Of moonlit seas' shot silver, touched with gold;
The Rhine, a pallid streak and lightly thrown
Across the blue-grey plains, with shadows patched
Where lay the woods; untouched in all by signs
Of man's uneasy life, save where the lines
Of bare high road stretched white. That peace unatched
The door and let us glimpse true beauty's face—
But no report of this we made at Base.



"Ah! There was no tightening of belts in THOSE days."

"Take a Saddle of Lamb . . ."

JUST before the loudest bombardments the soldier, if he can, enjoys listening to the lark. For the bombardment, after all, must stop some time: but larks, *etc.*, do seem to keep going pretty continuously. I find that when one starts thinking about the coming winter (during which, one gathers, mastication will be near-felonious), it is a great comfort to read a good old cookery-book.

I have just had an unusually soothing half-hour with a work called *What Shall We Have To-day?* by X. Marcel Boulestin.*

It is very well written. That is part of the comfort. But, apart from that, it says such lovely things. Listen:

"Take a saddle of lamb . . ."

Pray, printer, let us see that again—and better:

"Take a saddle of lamb . . ."

Not enough.

"TAKE A SADDLE OF LAMB . . ."

That is more like it. Thank you, printer. Now we will return to earth.

"Take a saddle of lamb, lard it, and marinate it for twenty-four hours in a well-spiced marinade (white wine, bouquet, onions, carrots, peppercorns). Then drain it well and roast it in the ordinary way . . ."

On the same page I read with pleasure:

"VELOUTÉ

"Melt in a saucepan a piece of butter the size of an egg, add same quantity of flour; cook one minute and add little by little either veal or chicken stock, bring to the boil, whipping . . ."

Yes, printer, special honours, I think:

"MELT IN A SAUCEPAN A PIECE OF BUTTER THE SIZE OF AN EGG."

The other "taking" episodes that tickled my fancy were these:

"Take about three pounds of fillet steak, cut it in thin slices, beat and season them well . . ."

"Take as many legs of chicken as you want, one for each person, and remove the skin . . ."

"Take a ham (either English or Westphalian, or better still, a ham from Virginia, which has a special flavour well suited to this dish) . . . When cooked . . . pour a tumbler of champagne over the ham . . ."

"Take a good-sized uncooked ham, soak it in cold water . . . for twenty-four hours."

"Take a tender, fat fowl, salt it inside, and insert carefully under the skin thin slices of truffles . . ."

"Take a fine sole and remove both skins . . . cook it in the oven . . ."

* Heinemann, 1931

Meanwhile cook in a small saucepan a few prawns and mussels . . .

"Take, say, one pound of liver . . ."
(Don't you like "say"?)

"Take some fine trout (by 'fine' trout I mean of course trout still alive and weighing not more than a quarter of a pound; they are the best) . . ."

"Take some fillets of sole . . ."

"Take some tunny fish (this can be bought almost anywhere) . . ."

"THIS CAN BE BOUGHT ALMOST ANYWHERE . . ."

Yes, there were days when one dared to put that sort of thing into print, even about tunny fish.

I find it difficult to decide which is my favourite passage in this fascinating fairy-book. Perhaps it is this:

"TERRINE DE GIBIER

"You can use for this *pâté* any game you have by you—partridge, pheasant, hare or rabbit."
Or is it:

"FILETS DE LEVREAU

"An interesting dish, not very well known, from Provence. Have several leverets, and carve out the filets. Lard these half with streaky bacon, half with filets of anchovies . . . Cook them in olive oil."

There is a good deal to be said for:

"FILETS DE PERDREAU À L'ORANGE

"Roast two or three partridges . . . Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg . . . Add a cup of veal stock, a glass of dry white wine . . ."

But I am too much moved. I cannot go on.

And even that must fight for marks against:

"CROQUETTES DE DINDE.

"One gets tired of everything, even of the best cold turkey . . ."

(And the shaming thing is—it's true: one did. But now? Where is the citizen who will publicly proclaim that he gets tired of the best cold turkey?)

Going back (I can't help it) to "taking", I like so much:

"SAUMON BRETONNE

"Take a piece of salmon . . ."

"TAKE A PIECE OF SALMON!"

What, brothers, has happened to the edible salmon? Henley is near, and the big cricket matches. By now, in the old days, one *was* getting tired of the best salmon. But in this first year of peace and victory we have not had a sniff of the salmon. Are we exporting the British salmon? Must we wait for American loans before we see the British salmon again? I cannot tell. Meanwhile, read this fine piece of prose and be comforted. For—who knows?—such things may come to us again:

"Take a piece of salmon, remove the skin and the bones and cut small cubes about one inch square; sprinkle them with salt and pepper and toss them in butter, together with a handful of fresh mushrooms. When all this is half-cooked move it in the pan to the oven to finish the cooking. When cooked drain well, put it in a serving-dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley and pour over *beurre meunière*.

"The *beurre meunière* is simply made . . ."

"THE BEURRE MEUNIÈRE IS SIMPLY MADE . . ."

"The *beurre meunière* is simply made," the author says, "by putting butter in a hot pan over the fire . . ."

And, indeed, what could be simpler?

"In a minute or so it takes colour and becomes light brown; add a little lemon juice, and it is ready . . ."

"ADD A LITTLE LEMON JUICE . . ."

Thank you.

Talking of lemon juice, what has become of salad oil? How are we poor English cooks, so much despised, to make, for example, the excellent:

"SALADE D'ŒUFS DURS

"Take some hard-boiled eggs, say three for two people—cut them in half and remove the yolks. Put on a plate salt, freshly-ground pepper, and a pudding-spoonful of wine vinegar; see that the salt is well dissolved and squash in the yolks with a fork, mix

well, and add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil; beat well so that it is smooth. Then put in the whites, cut in small pieces, and two or three spring onions chopped finely. Mix well."

"ADD TWO TABLESPOONFULS OF OLIVE OIL."

Thank you.

My recollection is that olive oil used to come to us from Italy; that Italy was defeated nearly three years ago. Why, then, does olive oil not come to us again? Do we export Italian oil? Are we waiting for American dollars with which to buy Italian oil? Are the selfish Italians eating the Italian oil themselves? If so, let us remind them that the "export market" (to Britain) is the thing.

But oil has led us into the realm of gross reality. Let us get back to fantasy.

"PERDREAU PROVENÇALE

"Take some young partridges (one for two people, or even a whole one if the dinner is a short one), wrap them in thin bacon and cook them in butter in an iron or earthenware *cocotte* . . . When the mushrooms are cooked add a glassful of dry white wine (Chablis or Pouilly) . . ."

"Take some salmon . . ."

"Carve the chicken in the ordinary way . . ."

Cheer up, good reader. Your grandchildren will see such days again.

A. P. H.



"I congratulate the prize-winners, admit I never won anything, place the responsibility for future world peace squarely on their shoulders and ask for a half-holiday. Okay?"

At the Play

"MACBETH" (STRATFORD-UPON-AVON)

THEY dressed well in James's reign, and here Mr. FREDERICK CROOKE has shown imagination, but their tendency to timber has snared him into a fixed set so massive that it might be something building, and not far off its launch, in the royal dockyard. There is a high gallery running across the stage; from each side steep stairs descend, and underneath is a fumed-oak cavity serving variously as *Macbeth's* study and the entrance to the castle. The whole thing is too solid to allow change of scene to be happily suggested, but at any rate it has the virtue of bringing the action towards the front of a difficult stage, where Mr. MICHAEL MACOWAN firmly and rightly keeps it.

Miss VALERIE TAYLOR'S *Lady Macbeth* has refinement of passion and the steely fire of ruthless ambition, but she does not awe or even terrify. She is a very good actress, but she is not equipped by nature for the compulsion of high tragedy. Mr. ROBERT HARRIS'S *Macbeth* leaves one with much the same feeling. It is a charming and vivid portrait of a nobleman, but not of a nobleman capable of such an extravagance of calculated violence. More successful in a simpler part is Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD, whose *Malcolm* is everything it should be, clear and bold and frank.

Banquo is played with decision by Mr. DAVID KING-WOOD, Mr. JAMES RAGLAN gives the murdered king an easy affability in pleasant contrast to the glum-chumness traditional in stage monarchs of the glen, and once again Mr. HUGH GRIFFITH scores, with an inspired captaincy of the weird sisters.

Mr. MACOWAN introduces *Lady Macbeth* for the sleep-walking scene from the wings. It is an interesting experiment, and certainly somnambulism on those stairs is sufficiently dangerous on the way back to bed, but the old entry is, I think, the more effective. His decision to defy the poet Campbell and leave invisible the ghost of *Banquo*

is completely justified; *Macbeth's* horror springing with far greater force from the empty air than from a messy wanderer whom the other guests seem to be ignoring only through good manners. His production has brought the cast to an excellent pitch of diction, but he seems to me to have missed opportunities for colour with his minor characters. The murderers, for instance, are dull dogs and the porter only half-hearted in his tipsy oration. And whether one is with Coleridge or De Quincey in the matter of the knocking at the gate, it should be a knocking with some proved purpose

resemblance to the real thing than an Aldwych bathroom used to do. It becomes a privileged asylum, rent by romance, whose inmates possess top-secret intuition and from which the captains of special aircraft on lone maquis flights take passengers out of sheer boyish fun.

The authors, having missed a chance to write a much better play, nevertheless provide good entertainment. It is nimbly contrived and witty in a hard, slick way, and as the Tough Sisters of Poggibonsi Miss JOYCE HERON and Miss IRENE WORTH do very well. Mr. RALPH MICHAEL manfully suggests fox-starvation and Miss GEORGINA COOKSON gives an amusing sketch of one of Ensa's slighter props.

"EXERCISE BOWLER" (SCALA)

I missed this during its successful run at the Arts, and am now very glad to have seen it. It is obviously one of the few important plays which have so far come out of the war, more for what it says than how it says it. Three soldiers no longer able to stomach the sentiments of a cheap patriotic play invade the stage and insist on demonstrating, against the background of the play's futility, what war means to the fighting man in fear and boredom and frustration.

In the second act we see them attempting to translate their war-time ideals into terms of peace, and failing; and in the final act, which I found somewhat confused, the stage manager, who has become a stiff-shirted

Mephistopheles, obliges them at the threat of death to indulge in a confessional. Their final message, when they have peeled themselves to the core, seems to be that unless the world can manage to succeed in being honest with itself, and quickly, then the lights are going out everywhere for the last time.

Messrs. WILLIAM FOX, TORIN THATCHER, MARTIN BRADLEY, MARK DIGNAM and GEOFFREY KEEN put the play over with conviction, and it is a child of which Reunion Theatre, the Ex-Service-Group, can be proud. "T. ATKINSON" is, I gather, what it sounds, the *nom-de-paix* of a team. ERIC.



BIRTH OF ACUTE LOVE-AFFAIR

Jane Mason Miss JOYCE HERON
Major Philip Brooke-Jervaux, D.S.O. . . . Mr. RALPH MICHAEL

and not merely a loud preliminary to a tame entry through a curtain.

"LOVE GOES TO PRESS" (EMBASSY)

A press camp invaded by two high-powered American women correspondents during our advance in Italy is a theme deserving of comedy, and Miss MARTHA GELLHORN and Miss VIRGINIA COWLES get it away to a promising start. The British P.R.O. improbably in charge, a simple sportsman yearning for the shires, has never held a woman's hand and is appalled, as well he may be, by such visitors.

The first act goes brightly and then the piece slides away into a farce, in which the camp bears no more

At the Ballet

A LANDSCAPE of blue mountains, an archway of trees aflame with the glory of autumn, a little thatched house from whose vine-covered walls hang bunches of purple grapes and facing it a dark scowling-looking cottage—this is the opening scene of the new production of *Giselle* by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden. There is not much scope for originality in staging anew a period-piece such as this, but JAMES BAILEY'S colour-scheme is delightful. There are peasant-girls dressed in the colours of autumn leaves and berries, *Count Albrecht* in disguise (ALEXIS RASSINE) in white with a slashed jacket of peacock's-feather blue, and *Giselle* in a moss-green corselet and frothy skirt of white and palest blue which suits MARGOT FONTEYN to perfection. The tragic climax of the first act is enhanced by the splendour of the mediæval dresses of the *Duke* and the *Princess* and their followers. These are of rich velvets in the glowing colours of ancient stained glass, with massive jewels and plumed hats, and they are really beautiful.

MARGOT FONTEYN'S progress as an artist can be measured by the growing expressiveness of her *Giselle*. This rôle is the touchstone of the ballerina's art. She must express girlish light-heartedness and bubbling gaiety, she must be shy but not coquettish, playful but not arch. The ecstatic happiness of her first love consumes her entire being, yet it is frail and shimmering as a butterfly's wing; when it is destroyed she must die. Only a great dancer can convey all this, but MARGOT FONTEYN succeeds. She is equally good in the second act when she rises at midnight from her woodland grave as a *wili*, a dancing sprite, for she seems to float through the air like an ethereal being—a great contrast to the too, too solid *wilis* who hurtle through it on wires at the back of the stage. It is a great pity that the excellent performance of the *corps de ballet* of *wilis* and their airy queen, BERYL GREY, who wears a crown made of dewdrops, should be spoiled by an attempt at realism such as this.

The New Monte Carlo Ballet, under the direction of SERGE LIFAR, are at the Cambridge Theatre. So far, their biggest attraction has been *Prelude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune*, created and danced by M. LIFAR himself. It is inspired by Nijinsky's original *Faune* and danced, like Nijinsky's, in profile so that the dancer resembles a figure in a classical frieze. When

the curtain rises the Faun is lying on a hillside, lazily sipping crystal water from the cup of his hand. All the drowsy languor of a summer day is in the voluptuous movement of his head and hand as he drinks. Dreaming of the nymphs he has pursued through the forest he descends the hillside in search of them, and finds a scarf dropped by a nymph in her flight. With the scarf and the passionate recollections it arouses he returns to the hilltop to fold it to his breast and to dream of its owner. SERGE LIFAR'S beautiful dancing as the Faun, half-human and half-brute, is something not easily to be forgotten. On the whole, however, he is a disappointing choreographer. Most of the ballets in this company's repertoire are by him, and they do not give enough scope to dancers as good as OLGA

ADABACHE, JANINE CHARRAT, YVETTE CHAUVIRE and WLADIMIR SKOURATOFF. His choreography is often blurred and confused, and at times seems to bear no relation to the music at all. FOKINE'S "Scheherazade" is in the repertoire, and receives a very effective and colourful performance that is well worth seeing. The Polovtsian Dances from *Prince Igor* too are danced with a verve and ferocity, particularly on the part of ALEXANDRE KALIOUJNY, that can only spring from a diet of raw beef-steaks. In other words, we haven't seen anything like it for years.

D. C. B.

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Isaac Butt

IN *The Road of Excess* (BROWNE AND NOLAN, 15/-) Mr. TERENCE DE VERE WHITE has written a witty, perceptive and well-balanced biography of Isaac Butt. At the beginning of his career Butt was overshadowed by Daniel O'Connell and at its close by Parnell. Yet though some way short of O'Connell in the power of magnetizing the multitude, and too pleasure-loving and generally diffused to stand up to a man so narrowly concentrated on one purpose as Parnell, Butt as the inaugurator, in 1870, of the Home Rule movement has an important place in the political history of Ireland. Butt began life as a strong Tory, he looked upon Ireland as a part of the Empire and had no hatred of any kind against England. What he wanted for Ireland was, as Mr. WHITE puts it, "a government, confined to domestic matters, composed of educated Irishmen." Unfortunately even the English Liberals did not appreciate the reasonable nature of this desire until it was too late; the extreme elements ousted Butt, and were destined in time to be ousted themselves. Butt was described by J. B. Yeats as "a man of genius lost in law and politics." There was a good deal of the poet in him, especially in his youth, which Mr. WHITE describes with charm and humour. But he dissipated himself in too many directions, and, in spite of Mr. WHITE, hardly exemplifies the truth of Blake's saying—"The Road of Excess leads to the Palace of Wisdom." H. K.

Bees in Business

There is all the difference in the world between keeping bees and being kept by bees; but although the same may

be said of hens—and the dangers of concentrated egg-production seem making themselves felt—*Honey Farming* (FABER, 18/-) is, in the nature of things, less demoralizing. True it is better for the country that every other countryman should keep a few hives than that one or two experts should keep two hundred; and two hundred colonies are essential, says Mr. R. O. B. MANLEY, if you are working on commercial lines. But you have to park your hives out in groups of not more than fifty; so the deadly congestion of the poultry farm is, to a certain extent, avoided. Spacing, however, means transport and transportable hives; and it is an American method and American type of equipment that Mr. MANLEY so lucidly explains here. His own bee-keeping went through the stages of a hobby and a side-line to farming before it burgeoned forth as a whole-time means of livelihood, and his early memories form a vivacious prelude to a book otherwise seriously professional. Bee-keepers are a serious race; and the story of the congress which rose, as for royalty, when a renowned bee-expert entered late, gives you a faint idea how serious they are. H. P. E.

Almighty Dollars

IN *The Washington Loan Agreements* (MACDONALD, 8/6) Mr. L. S. AMERY hits out with gusto at American foreign economic policy and at the British Government for having any truck with it. Some of the blows are all that blows should be, shrewd, well-timed and telling, but others are so wild that a neat side-step is enough to see the attacker through the ropes. The argument is familiar. Just for a handful of dollars Great Britain was hustled without ceremony or deliberation into the Bretton Woods Agreement and the World Trade Organization. Is the price likely to prove too high? Does Bretton Woods mean the Gold Standard again? Does the World Trade Organization mean "international *laissez-faire* in a strait-jacket" cut on American lines? Mr. AMERY gives affirmative answers every time. He fears that Empire Preference will be whittled away without any compensating reduction of the American tariff. He believes that the new agreements invite history to repeat itself with another and bigger universal depression. And such pessimism is not wholly irrational. Nobody has yet been able to explain just how the world will get the dollars to pay for the vast increase of exports needed to keep the American unemployment problem to a manageable size. For nobody really believes that America will accept an import-surplus. This is the grisly corner in the new chamber of international commerce, and those bold enough to tackle it deserve every encouragement. But the suggested alternatives to the loan seem more ingenious than practical. What of the tariff device which would lure American productive capital to Britain—or, rather, make it sneak round the barrier? If the location and distribution of industrial activity are to be decided not by economic and social considerations but by jiggery-pokery with tariffs, almost any old strait-jacket will do. A. B. H.

Clio's Holiday

The historical novel should be written by a novelist who knows his period well enough to make it laugh and weep. To such an enterprise the French Revolution eminently lends itself; for if there is nothing more pathetic than an irresponsible monarchy's under-dogs, there is nothing, as a rule, more evocative of the comic spirit than triumphant representatives of the sovereign people. Even Mr. J. B. MORTON, obviously anxious to play fair, has to depict a crowd singing the "*Marseillaise*" when he wants to give the *citoyen* a show. Only one decent individual—the familiar

academic young nobleman—stands up for the Rights of Man. A few picked aristocrats represent the old regime; and a fighting hero—who is Cyrano, Tartarin and Alan Breck rolled into one—faces the catastrophe without prejudice. *The Gascon* (MACMILLAN, 8/6), Armand Birros by name, arrives to seek his fortune in the Paris of 1790; and before 1793—when he routs the Austrians practically single-handed at Wattignies—he has become embroiled in a hundred adventures in the gutters, on the staircases and over the roof-tops of the capital. It all starts from a little *musée* of eighteenth-century wax-works discovered by "BEACHCOMBER" in a back street. But there is nothing of Tussaud left by the time he has done with these vivid and engrossing figures.

H. P. E.

In Retrospect

Those who remember *Brothers* and *The Hill*, stories of school life at Harrow under Queen Victoria, will be particularly struck by the cheerful resignation with which their author, HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, now in his middle eighties, looks out on the world of to-day. *Now Came Still Evening On* (CASSELL, 10/6) is a causerie of reflections and memories jotted down by Mr. VACHELL in the spring and summer of 1945. Upsidonia is his name for the England of to-day. He tells of a duchess in the West Country who is doing her own cooking, and two old gentlemen who are keeping a big house going without any domestic help. But he is confident that order will emerge out of chaos. The squires, he says, may have had their day, but the yeomen of England will take their place, rather a vague forecast perhaps, but this is a book of moods and memories, not a political tract. California and France as well as England contribute to the variety of Mr. VACHELL's reminiscences. Ambrose Bierce, Archbishop Randall Davidson, Ernest Dowson, whom he tried to cure of drinking absinthe, Lloyd George and George Saintsbury are among the people to whom he introduces us. If he were less amiable he might be more evocative. He is sparing of shadows, and even when he writes at some length of Edmund Waller, dead nearly three hundred years, he characterizes a man who carried the principle of self-preservation to almost fantastic lengths "a gay adventurer."

H. K.

Beyond the Green Belts

Mr. Aneurin Bevan should find encouragement in the housing triumphs of the nuthatch, whose home can consist of 6,695 pieces of bark from the Scots pine and the birch, the nearest specimens of which were respectively seventy-five yards and forty-five yards from the nest in question. The patient investigator was Mr. ERIC PARKER, who puts us still further in his debt with *The Countryman's Week-end Book* (SEELEY SERVICE, 12/6), another of those delightful excursions to which he brings an immense store of rural knowledge and a lively and graceful pen. That he is an artist in all that concerns the country there needs no better reminder than his essay here on wood fires, in which he writes of the burning qualities of our different trees with the same kind of scholarly gustation that used to distinguish Mr. Maurice Healy's comparison of clarets. Made up of both his own observations and those of other naturalists, the book gives detailed notes on such main themes as birds and wild flowers, but its net is thrown wide enough to catch a squirrel swimming the Forth, great tits in the south conversing in a strange Mediterranean *patois*, and the wonderful account, by Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, of how one summer night on the downs he had the extraordinary fortune to watch a badger's funeral. There is a special section for Cobbett, whose curses on the potato read

ironically at the moment and whom Mr. PARKER has caught out in an optimistic measurement of the great oak at Tilford, and many a practical hint on such things as bird-tables, rabbit-proof shrubs and compost-heaps. And there is also a generous list of recommended country reading. In any future list, however selective, this book itself must certainly appear. It is fittingly illustrated by Miss BERYL IRVING.

E. O. D. K.

Best of Two Worlds

Lieut.-Colonel GERALD DE GAURY's book, *Arabia Phoenix* (HARRAP, 10/6), is an account, among many other things, of the journey he made in 1935 with the British Minister, Sir Andrew Ryan, on a mission from the Persian Gulf to Riyadh, the capital, to visit King Ibn Saud, who had formed his new state and was ruling it well and wisely. The book begins with a chapter containing much Arabian history: it ends with a postscript full of questions about the future—"In altering the way of life how far will the national character be altered?" Already the answer "O.K., boy," follows the traditional greeting—"Peace be upon you," but Colonel DE GAURY is optimistic. The story of the journey itself makes enchanting reading, and the descriptions of the dignity of princes and beggars, wonderful horsemanship and the hospitality that allows a poor man to travel from one end of Arabia to another without coin of any kind makes the sand-devils and locusts seem trivial inconveniences. The question, says the author, is sometimes asked, "whether the Golden Age of the Greeks was the best time, or the Age of Elizabeth or perhaps the Regency? None of us had thought possible to combine two worlds as Ibn Saud had done—to follow the law and life of the seventh century while using the amenities of the twentieth." The sixty-four beautiful photographs taken on the journey add value to a story of Arabian Days which has much of the charm of tales of Arabian Nights.

B. E. R.

Yorkshire Clothier

His wife felt rather strongly about his not bringing back a brother-in-law alive from Flanders, so on the spur of the moment she told him her son was not his. Such repartee is dangerous. For he promptly left home, walked out, too, of the family business (which was going down, anyhow) and emerged presently as a prosperous cloth manufacturer and the hero of *The Rise of Henry Morcar* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6). Even without this crucial piece of melodrama Miss PHYLLIS BENTLEY's novel is not exactly new-fangled. It does precisely what it sets out to do: tells an honest, interesting story in an honest, straightforward way; and if we must have another account of how we all felt in the critical 1930's and after, it may as well be combined, as here, with a romance of industry in the West Riding. Anyone who remembers the tales of Peter B. Kyne will know how fascinating the intricacies of business can be made in fiction, and Miss BENTLEY knows her subject. Admitting all Morcar's loves, friendships and other personal relationships, it is his cloth mill with which he is engrossed—and in this Miss BENTLEY tells the truth about men whose work is congenial. Why, what decides him that he covets his neighbour's wife but the discovery that she wears cloth of his making? So, with a little industrial history (ingeniously introduced), a view of various textile processes, and half-a-dozen handsome and agreeable people—the one disagreeable person is painfully overdone—the familiar *longueurs* of air raids and all connected with them are made quite bearable, and one reads to the end with pleasure.

J. S.

Well, Well, Well

WELL, another thing I have learned about writing is—er—how to produce a script for the B.B.C.—you know, the—er—British Broadcasting Corporation. Well, the important thing to remember is that the whole thing must be—er—very conversational or—er—chatty. Well, the listener must be made to imagine that there's—er—no script, that the entire performance is impromptu. O.K., well, there are lots of little—er—tricks to help you do it.

Now, you mustn't say "there is," but "there's," just as you would in real life, and you mustn't refer to a Working Party as "it," but "they." Now, another thing is that you must raise your voice at the end of each—er—sentence, even if you don't do this in real life. Now, the reason for this is that somebody—er—invented it a long time ago and the patent hasn't expired yet. Now, raising your voice at the end of each sentence makes you—er—sound a bit like a Welshman, but since the Welsh are a small downtrodden people without a separate standing army they can't very well—er—object.

Well, the way to deliver the script is as follows. Take the thing in your left hand and look at the—er—microphone. Well, try to imagine that it's a face. Now, the best face to

imagine is a hexagonal one peppered with—er—small holes worse than a colander and with the letters B.B.C. printed across it. Well, if you know anybody like this so much the—er—better. Now take the clip off the script so that you can—er—slide each sheet away after you have read it instead of turning it over with a slightly different crackling noise.

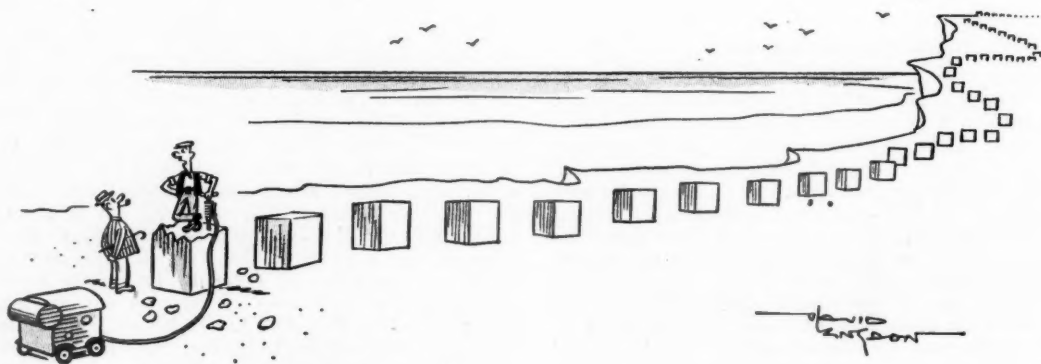
Well, now you are all set. The light on the wall goes red, goes off, goes—er—red again, and then it goes green. So you start. Well, you drop your voice at the end of the first sentence and blush. So you giggle. Well, nearly all the—er—giggling at the B.B.C. is caused by people forgetting to raise their voices at the end of the sentence. Well, now you are getting along—er—nicely and you've got time to think. Now, first you think about the microphone and what a pity it is you can't see it after all that fuss about the face. Well, then, you wonder how you're—er—doing and you begin to hear yourself quite clearly. Now, what you hear sounds dreadfully precise and—er—pompous, with the voice changing gear at the end of every sentence with a yodel. Well, you correct this by dropping three aitches in a row and—er—slipping in a couple of nervous giggles.

Now, quite suddenly, you see the

producer gesticulating wildly, revolving one hand in an anti-clockwise direction as a sign—er—that you are to speed things up. Well, you have been warned not to step on the vocal accelerator immediately because that would—er—let the listeners know that the producer is gesticulating wildly. So you try to speak only a little faster and this is one of the most difficult operations known to—er—broadcasting. And the reason for this is that as soon as a person broadcasting tries to go only a little faster he practically stops. Well, tomes have been written about this—er—very subject by experts of the B.B.C.

Well, now you are coming to the end of the script and your confidence is returning. So you begin to think about what you are saying. Now, at this stage you *decide to—er—put some real meaning into every single sentence.* Well, by this time you are *enjoying yourself immensely* and scoring a *great—er—hit.*

Well, suddenly the producer starts talking and the thought flashes through your—er—mind that she has gone mad and has ruined the show. But she keeps on talking and it finally dawns upon you that you are now—er—off the air. Well, you were—er—faded out and followed by a programme of uninterrupted music. HOD.



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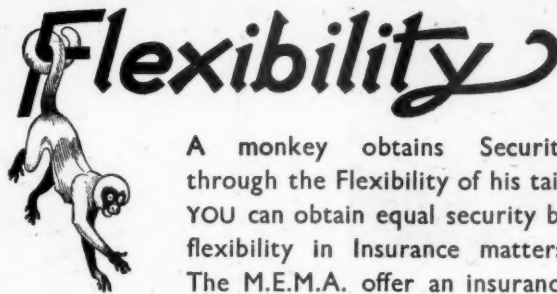
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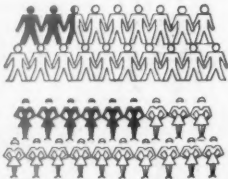
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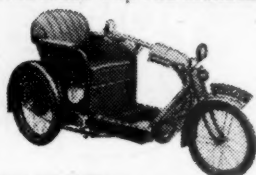
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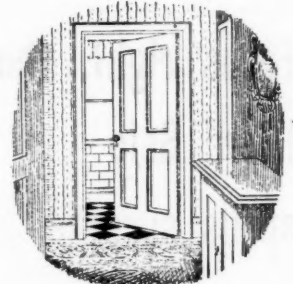
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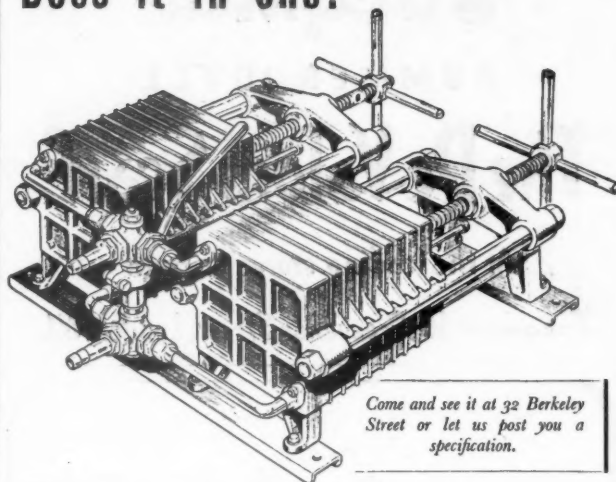
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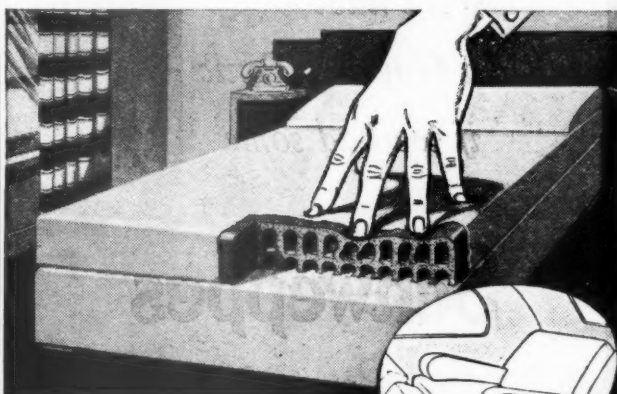
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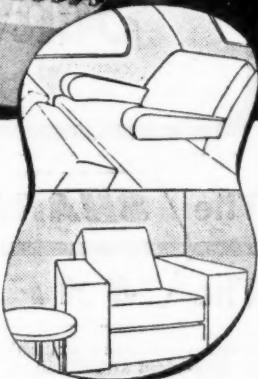
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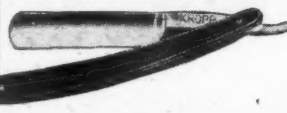
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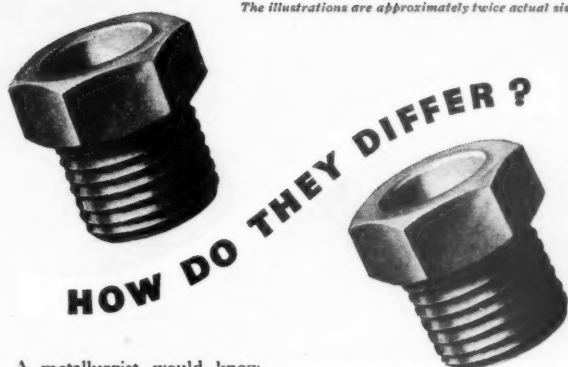
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